

# JEPHTHA's Rash Vow:

OR, THE *1774*  
VIRGIN SACRIFICE. *3*

As it is Acted at

LEE and HARPER's

Great Theatrical Booth,

Over-against the

Hospital-Gate in West-Smithfield,

COMEDIANS

From the THEATRES.

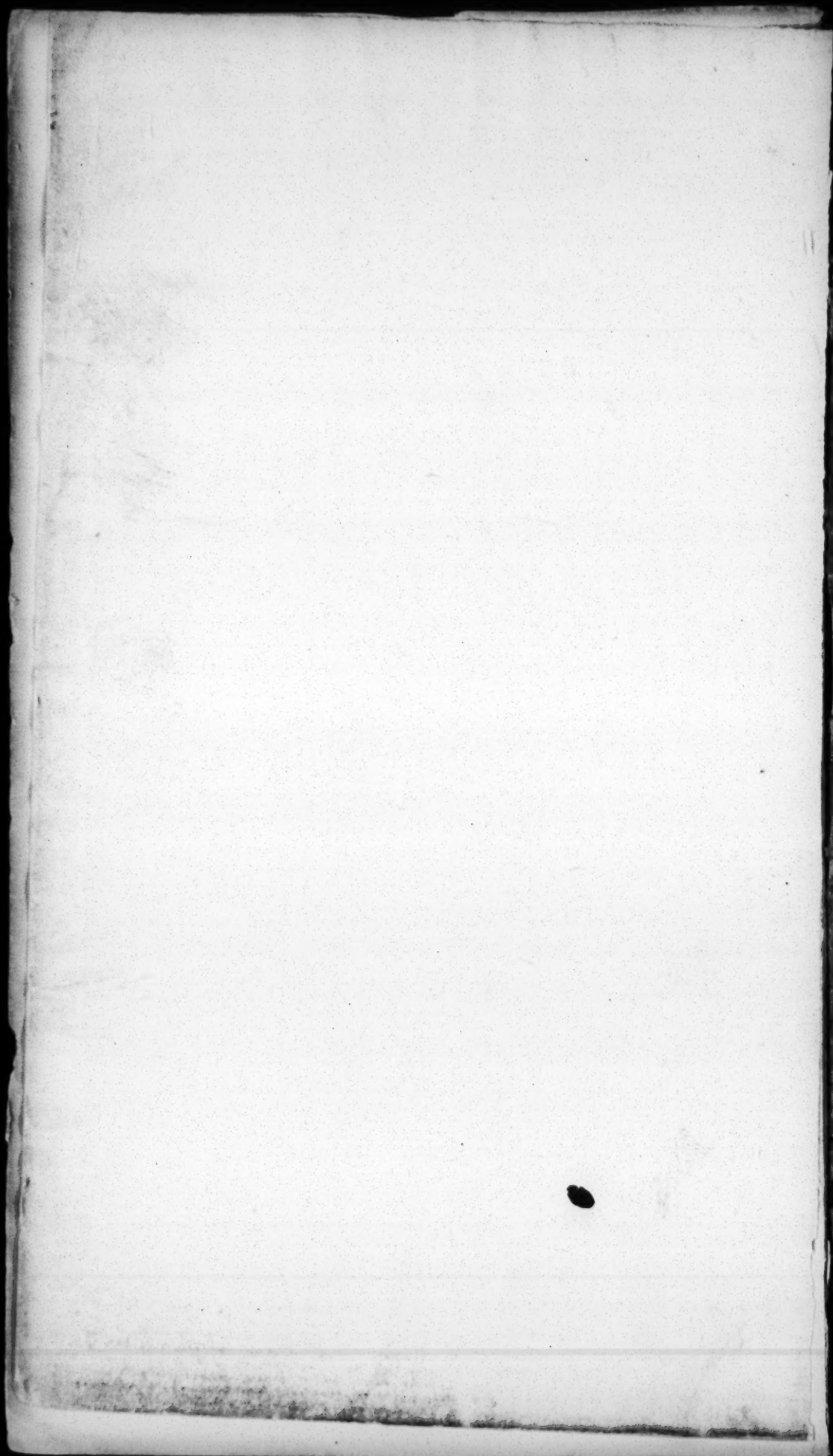
To which will be added,

The FALL of PHAETON.

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Printed and Sold by G. Lee, in Blue-maid-Alley,  
Southwark; M. Deacon, in Giltspur-Street, without  
Newgate; and J. Bingham, in Pharis-Street  
Barnsbury

MDCCXXXUL



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St. Dunstons.

MDCXXXIII





# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

Jeptha			Mr. <i>Hulett</i> ,
Elon			Mr. <i>Roberts</i> ,
Jethro			Mr. <i>Hewet</i> ,
Zekiel		by	Mr. <i>Morgan</i> ,
Capt. Bluster			Mr. <i>Harper</i> ,
Diddimo			Mr. <i>Hicks</i> .



## W O M E N.

Miriam			Mrs. <i>Purden</i> ,
Nurse		by	Mrs. <i>Morgan</i> ,

Priests, Witches, Dancers, Singers and  
Attendance.





# JEPHTHA's Rash Vow:

## OR, THE VIRGIN SACRIFICE.

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### ACT I.

*Curtain draws up and discovers Jephtha, seated on a Throne attended by Elon, Miriam, Jethro and others.*

JEPHTHA.

Orbear this Warlike Musick, tho it charms  
 'Tis needless now to rouse us to Alarms.  
 Since Ammon's King your Israel land Annoys  
 Your Jephtha's sword shall justify your choice.

My Elders, let the People be your Care,  
 At Home keep Peace, whilst I abroad make War.  
 Jethro, to you a Brother a and Friend;  
 My House, but more; this Charge I Recommend.  
 And thou, my Miriam; my dear only Child,  
 In whom to Virtue Youth is Reconcil'd,  
 Still bless thy Father and in Grace improve,  
 When crown'd with Conquest I'll soon crown your Love  
 Elon. Great Sir—— (kneels)

Jep. Rise Elon, rise, she is thy merit's due,  
 Go on, thy Country's glorious Cause pursue,  
 And fight for her, whilst I shall Pray for you.

*Elon.* Take Sir, such thanks as *Souls* in Transport pay  
*Words* wou'd but ill, my grateful *thoughts* display,  
 On that fair *Hand* I'll breath a short adieu,  
 Then your sure Steps in *Glory's* Race pursue,

*Jep.* Oh! thou dread *Power* above, who only now  
 Do'st hear me make this firm, this solemn *Vow*,  
 Grant, that my *Arm* may *Ammon's* pride bring low,  
 And what shall meet me first at my return,  
 Shall on thy Altar as an Off'ring burn.

(*Trumpets within*)

Hark, a good Omen; 'tis the *Trumpets* voice  
 To *Arms*, to *Arms*, the Glorious dreadful Noise,  
*Ammon* shall bleed and *Israel's* Sons Rejoyce

### SCENE a-Palace.

*Enter Jethro and Nurse.*

*Nurse.* You see, Sir; I am somebody in this house.

*Jeth.* Somebody, *Mrs Nurse*? you're every Body  
 about the Princess, at least nothing is done there un-  
 less you command as well as she.

*Nurse.* And cannot command too much. I have  
*Reason* to take upon me, I have been a *Mother* to the  
*Princess*, I have rear'd her, and made a jolly *Princess*  
 of her, and a tractable obedient *Tit* she is to me, al-  
 most as great a *Comfort* to me as my own Sons, and  
 they are pretty *Fellows*.

*Jeth.* Very pretty *Fellows*.

*Nurse.* If they are not, I know not who are, one  
 of them goes a Soldiering to my Cost, gives my Purse  
 many a troublesome visit; he must needs fight like a  
*Gentleman*, in fine Cloaths; but he's a prudent *Fellow*,  
 and keeps himself out of Danger, and will save him-  
 self and his Cloaths too, but t'others my *Darling*.

*Jeth.* Oh! I know him.

*Nurse.* Indeed you do not Sir, he seems a simple  
*Fellow*.

*Fellow*, but he's a shrew'd *Wit*, and makes notable *Verses*.

*Jeth*. Does he so?

*Nurse*. Yes that he does, see here he comes, a mumbling *Verses* to himself. (*Enter Zekiel*)

How d'yedo poor *Zekiel*?

*Zek*. Thank you *Forsooth Mother*.

*Nurse*. What art thou making *Verses*?

*Zek*. Yes, *Forsooth*.

*Nurse*. Upon whom?

*Zek*. Oh, I must not tell you, *Forsooth*.

*Nurse*. What, not tell your own dear *Mother*?

*Zek*. Nay, I can deny you nothing, *Forsooth*; I was making *Verses* upon my Lord *Jephtha's* Daughter for I am in love with her.

*Nurse*. Come let the old Man hear some of your *Verses*.

*Zek*. They are not worth your hearing *Forsooth*.

*Nurse*. Be not so bashful, but let him hear 'em.

*Zek*. If he please

*My Heart in Love is, not only so,  
But my Eyes are in Love, their ogling shew;  
My Legs are in Love, they often go  
After my Love, whether I will or no:  
I am all in Love from Top to Toe.*

*Nur*. Ah! poor Rogue, can his Mistress deny him any Thing, d'ye think?

*Jeth*. She's a great Beauty, and a great Lady.

*Zek*. Nay, She's a dainty fine fair One;  
*Her Eyes wound all Mortals they stare on;  
Her Lips are as red as a Cherry;  
Might I kiss 'em, I should be so merry:  
Her Hand is as soft as a Jelly;  
How delicate then is her Belly;*

*Nur*. Sirrah!

*Zek*.



*Zek.* But that I shall never come nigh, Sir;  
 For her birth is too high Sir, too high Sir.  
 Oh! Lud, here comes my Mistress — now shall  
 I be so sham'd. —

Enter Miriam.

*Mir.* Nurse, I want your Company, for I am alone;  
 I have no Society but in my thoughts; there I converse  
 sometimes with my noble *Elon*, my graceful  
*Elon*.

*Zek.* Oh! when will she say of me, noble *Zekel*,  
 graceful *Zekel*?

*Mir.* Come take a turn with me into the Garden.

*Nur.* Madam, shall *Zekiel* take you by the Hand?  
 and lead you into the Garden?

*Mir.* Come, Mr. *Zekiel*. — what's the matter?  
 are you afraid of a Lady?

*Zek.* No, Madam, I'm afraid I've got the Tooth-  
 ach.

*Jep.* He's a bashful Lover, Madam, for to tell  
 the Truth, he's in Love with you.

*Zek.* Why did you tell?

*Mir.* In love with me!

*Zek.* No, no, Madam, I be'nt in love with you.

*Nur.* Why do you lie, Sirrah?

*Mir.* Are you a sham'd of your love to me? —  
 say then —

*Zek.* Well, then, I am in love with you.

*Mir.* Why did you deny it then?

*Zek.* Because I was afraid you would be angry  
 with me.

*Nir.* Angry with you for Love! then I should be  
 ungrateful.

*Nur.* He's deep in love with you, Madam, and  
 very now and then, he makes such pretty Verses  
 you —

*Mr.* Does he indeed? I am much beholden to him.

*Nur.* Come, let the Lady hear some of your Verses.

*Zek.* I am ashamed.

*Mir.* Do Mr. Zekel.

*Zek.* Well, I will then.

*By all I say, and do appears;*

*That I am in Love with you o'er Head and Ears.*

*Mir.* Poor Mr. Zekel.

*Zek.* When you are gone I almost die.

*And sweat and tremble when you're by,*

*Mir.* And why, and why?

*Zek.* I don't know why, not I, truly.

*I know not what I do or say,*

*And when I walk I lose my Way.*

*Jeth.* Alack! a-day.

*Zek.* Can't you let one alone with one's Verses.

*Nay, I have lost, I vow and swear,*

*My Stomach too, I know not where.*

*Jeth.* 'Twas a good one.

*Zek.* Ay, so it was.

*I had a Stomach like a Hog;*

*But now I'm grown the filtiest Dog;*

*I only whine, sigh and pine;*

*And neither Breakfast, Sup, nor Dine.*

*Mir.* I love sometimes to divert my self with these Fools; their empty Follies serve a little to lighten my weightier load of Sorrows; come, Mr. Zekel, take me by the Hand; and Gallant me into the Garden.

*Zekel.* Yes, Forsooth.

*Oh! were that Mouth within my Power,*

*I swear I'd kiss it every Hour;*

*A thousand Times an Hour d'ye see.*

*(Exit, leading Miriam.)*

*End of the First Act.*

**ACT**

## A C T II.

*Scene draws, and discovers the Witches Cave in Wood.*

*Enter Captain Bluster and Diddimo.*

BLUSTER.

Come Diddimo, now we are in the Witches Dominions, suppose Old Scratch should shut the Door upon us; then slip he has us, like a Rat in a Trap, or a Remnant in a Taylor's Chest: But when am I to be bewitch'd, Diddimo?

*Did.* Oh! presently, Sir.

*Blust.* Be sure Old Scratch puts in good Security?  
*Diddimo.*

*Did.* Never doubt his Performance.

*Enter Witch.*

*Blust.* Oh Lud! Diddimo, Diddimo; yonder she comes; what an ugly Hag's here?

*Did.* Good Words to your betters, Sir, ~~he's~~ my own Aunt; why don't you go pull off your Hat and kiss her, Sir?

*Blust.* What, kiss Old Scratch's Wife, Diddimo? he'll be jealous.

*Did.* Now you shall see how I'll accost her — may it please your Bedlamship, this is my Friend; for whom I desire and beseech your powerful Charms, that neither Sword nor Shot shall be able to hurt him.

*Wit.* He's welcome, Child.

*Did.* Why don't you kiss her, Sir? (*kisses her.*)  
Zonnds! (*Spits*) What a Salt-Peter Breath she has

*Wit*



*Wit.* Now begins the spell. (*two Devils bring a Chair*  
First, that his Head may Death out-dare,  
Hold him fast by either Ear.

*Capt.* Oh! Oh! my Ears.

*Wit.* Now pour Hell's Water on his Hair.

*Capt.* But what will become of the rest of my Body

*Wit.* Grasp his Neck till twice he groans.

*Capt.* Oh! Oh! (*offers to run*) I won't stay to be murder'd.

*Did.* Why, Sir, you won't loose your Money and your Time for a Blow or two: Sir, they have just gone.

*Wit.* Pinch him hard by either Arm.

Jirk his Back; thus ends the Charm.

(*Witches sing, and Exeunt.*)

*Blust.* Are they all gone *Diddime*? are all the frightful Witches gone?

*Did.* Ay, Sir; they are all gone.

*Blust.* Why then, *Old Scratch* go with 'em.

*Did.* I with you Joy, Sir.

*Blust.* With me Joy, with me out you Dog, so come along.

*Did.* Thus tricks and shams are th' only Magick tools  
For *Knaves* to Conjure Money out of *Fools*.

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE a Wood.

*Trumpets Sound to Battle, and Enter Jephtha.*

The Day is doubtful, let fresh Troops Oppose

Yonder strong Squadron of Opposing Foes.

*Elon* like Thunder combats in the Right,

Yet stubborn *Ammon* still maintains the Fight;

*Bid* for the Shock my chosen Bands prepare,

Then sound a Charge, at once we'll end the War.

(*Exit.*

*SCENE changes to a Palace.*

*Enter Captain Bluster and Diddimo,*

*Blust.* *Diddimo*, come along *Diddimo*, well, this being bewitch'd is a fine thing, but do I look Dreadful *Diddimo*?

*Did.* Dreadful! Ay Sir, dreadful as a Horse-pond to a Pick-pocket, or a [Rainy day to the Players in *Bartholomew-Fair*.

*Blust.* Nay, then I look dreadful indeed.

*Did.* Sir, you loose Time, the Armies are at it.

*Blust.* Well, well, what hast *Diddimo*? you know I don't love Fighting — but see who comes here, O 'tis my Lord *Elon*.

*Enter Elon with his Sword drawn.*

*Elon.* The Day's our own, the Field no more afford  
Resisting Foes for Israel's Conquering Swords;  
Let vulgar Souls swell with inglorious Rage,  
And flying Foes, and yielding Slaves Engage;  
My task is now some Messenger to find,  
Here's one, Run, Hast and ease poor *Miriam*'s mind;  
Tell her her Father lives, with Conquest blest;  
Tell her—I'll come my self and tell the rest (*Exit* me

*Blust.* And have these Rascal *Ammonites* serv'd me so? Adsbud I hate a Coward *Diddimo*.

*Did.* Why sure you don't love yourself.

*Blust.* Well *Diddimo* I must Kill 'em all over again that's certain; but stay I must first carry a message to my Lady *Miriam*, who knows but she may fall Love with me, when I tell her how bravely I be the Enemy.

*Did.* But Sir, how will you describe the Fight when you was never there?

*Blust.* Oh never you mind that, but come along.

(*Exit*)

*Enter Miriam.*

A Thousand ways, to stifle Cares I strive,  
A Thousand ways the stiff'd Cares revive:  
My Soul's untun'd, e'en Musick shocks my Ear,  
Let me be Deaf, till what I Love is here.

*Enter Elon.*

He lives, he lives, 'tis he!

*Elon.* My Life, who'd die ten thousand Deaths for  
*Mir.* Do you live, do I wake, are you return'd? (thee.  
'Tis he, let me forget that e'er I mourn'd,  
For 'tis a Crime near thee to think of Woe.

*Elon.* My Soul!

*Mir.* My Joy!

*Elon.* My greatest Bliss below.

*Mir.* I in your looks, my Father's Victory read,  
That great good Man, will he not come with speed?

*E'on.* He comes Triumphant.

*Mir.* Dancing, in Disguise,

Let us the Conqueror on his way surprize,  
Prepare his Entry, strew it all with Flowers;  
Thank him, and all the kind immortal Powers.

*Enter Captain Bluster and Diddimo.*

*Blust.* Madam, I'm your humble Servant, I come  
from the Army, Madam, Lord *Elon* sent me to you,  
for, for, for, for, — Egad I don't know what he sent  
me for — What was it *Diddimo*?

*Mir.* He'll tell you himself.

*Blust.* Oh! are are you there, my good Lord *Elon*?

*Elon.* Yes, yes, you shall feel I am.

*(Kicks him and Exit with Miriam.)*

*Did.* Sir, why didn't you think of being bewitch'd?

*Blust.* Oh! I always forget that when I shou'd fight.

*Did.* Ay, so 'tis a Sign.

*Blust.* Come *Diddimo* I'm resolv'd I'll be a Coward  
no longer, I'll follow this same Lord *Elon*, and I'll —  
this way, this way *Diddimo*.

*(Exeunt)*  
A C T



## ACT III.

*Enter Nurse and Zekiel.*

ZEKIEL.

**W**ELL Mother, did not I behave myself finely?*Nurse.* So finely, my heart rejoyc'd to see thee.*Zek.* Nay, I have Wit, Forsooth.*Nurse.* Be not discourag'd Man; for all that I know thou may'st get her.*Zek.* But if I do get her do you think she will let me go with her.*Nurse.* Let thee go with her, Ay, pluck up a Spirit I say*Zek.* Yes, Forsooth, I will.*(plucks up his Breeches.)**Nurse.* Thou pluck'st up thy Breeches, pluck up a Spirit.*Zek.* Ay Forsooth, and I'll pluck up her Spirits too.*Enter Jethro.**Jeth.* Well here's a piece of sad News, unfortunate *Elon*; nay, 'tis time to think of Revenge; such an affront, such an injury, such a piece of Cruelty.*Zek.* What's the matter, pray?*Jeth.* Why, his Heart is stolen out of his Body.*Zek.* Stolen out of his Body! by whom pray?*Jeth.* By some young Fellow, that led his Mistress into the Garden, and by getting Favours from her tore out his Heart, for his joins to hers.*Zek.* Ah, Lud, Mother, that must be I.*Jeth.* You quake and tremble as if you were guilty, are you the Man?*Zek.* Who, I, Sir? Lud, Sir, I am a Mouse, Sir.*Jeth.*

*Jeth.* A Insty one ; but you are in a Trap : get out you had best ; for Lord *Elon* swears that if ever he meets him, he'll flea him.

*Zek.* Mother.

*Nur.* Mum, Child.

*Jeth.* Salt him.

*Zek.* Mother.

*Nur.* Mum.

*Jeth.* Broil him.

*Zek.* Mother.

*Nur.* Mum.

*Jeth.* Roast him Boil him, Bake him alive.

*Zek.* Ah Lud, Mother.

*Nur.* Mum.

*Jeth.* And then eat him ; for he says he hungers after him ; and cou'd digest him easier than a dead Dog.

*Zek.* Ah, Lud, Eat him.

*Nur.* Mum, Good Child, Mum.

*Zek.* Mum ; a pox *mum* you ; you'd need bid me *mum* indeed ; when I am like to be roasted, and bak'd, and eat up alive after it ; 'twas you that set me up-on courtting this Lady, you silly old Woman you.

*Nur.* I confess my Son's a most unfortunate young man ; but you can make up this business ; pray, what is to be done ?

*Zek.* Ay, dear Sir, what's to be done ?

*Jeth.* You must never court great Ladies now, for fear of Rivals :

*Zek.* No, no, I'll only follow the Court for some great Employ.

*Jeth.* You'll meet with Rivals there to.

*Zek.* Then I'll go to the Wars.

*Jeth.* You'll meet with Rivals there to.

*Zek.* Hey day ! what are there Rivals in all Places to be found ?

*Jeth.*

*Jeph.* Ay, every where.

*Zek.* Then I'll live underground.

*Nur.* No, Child, but in this Place no longer stay ;

*Zek.* Well, then, let's go ; but have a care of Rivals, pray. *(Exeunt Omnes.)*

SCENE, a Wood.

*Jephtha in his Chariot.*

*Jep.* The War is o'er, the Dead again shall rise,  
E'er *Ammon* shall disturb brave *Israel's* Peace ;  
*Elon* shall wed my Daughter *Miriam* ; now,  
I am fully blest ; and hast to pay my Vow :  
But see, who comes to grace our Martial Shew.

*Enter Miriam and other Women mask'd ; who perform a Dance with Timbrels ; then Miriam unmasks and Addresses Jephtha,*

*Mir.* Great Sir, to welcome you this glorious Day,  
In this great Choir, your Daughter leads the way.  
I am the first —

*Jep.* My Daughter ! can it be ?  
Down wretched Father, this low State befits thee,  
*(throws himself down,)*

Now tear the Earth and make thy self a Grave :

Oh ! *Miriam, Miriam !*

*Mir.* Turn this on your Foes ; why grieves my  
Father : you turn your Eyes from me ; what have I  
done ? Oh ! you ne'er did use *Miriam* thus before.  
Oh rise, and let your *Miriam* know her Crime.

*Jep.* Oh wretched Child ! of a more wretched  
Father.

*Mir.* Beasts hear their Young, and pious *Jephtha*  
hears not — Then hear me ; hence will I never rise,  
*(Kneels.)*

till my dear Father pities me — look on me, Sir ;  
O say, how have I wrong'd thee ?

*Jep.* 'Tis I that have wrong'd thee.

*Mir.*



*mir.* Fathers can't wrong; I am your Right,  
dispose me as you please.

*Jep.* O my sick Soul!

*mir.* Alas! why mourn you thus? When we  
should pay our grateful Vows.

*Jep.* The Vow, the Vow. I told you, Sir.

*mir.* What Vow, Sir, pray tell me.

*Jep.* I cannot.

*mir.* On my Knees I beg.

*Jep.* I have vow'd.

*mir.* What, Sir?

*Jep.* A Sacrifice.

*mir.* Let's to the Altar then.

*Jep.* Oh Grief?

(offers to go.)

*mir.* You weep, Sir; Oh do not leave me thus  
unsatisfied, unblest, here I'll for ever cling.

*Jep.* my Daughter die? the very thought is Death

*Mir.* I'll ease you Sir, and freely yield my Breath  
The Stroke I'll calmly for your Sake receive,  
my only Grief, is now, to see you grieve.

*Jep.* O Miriam! Miriam! none can save thee now

*Enter* Elon.

*Elon* O Sir, what do I hear? recall, recall.  
Your Vow was rash, 'twas impious, Sir; are these  
our Nuptials?

*Mir.* Oh Elon!

*Elon* Oh my Bride! my Wife!

*Jep.* Oh my Son! for so I meant thee; I have  
vow'd, repented; but her choice has kill'd her:  
Oh spare thy Grief, I've more than man can bear;  
Now careless of all State, with fierce Despair;  
I cou'd my Hair my Flesh my Soul and Being tear.

(Exit Jephthah)

*Mir.* Oh my dear Father!

*Elon* Stay my only Dear.

*Mir* Oh leave me, for my Death I must prepare.

*Elon* You must nor, shall not die.

*Mir* Then let us, we must part; dear friend adieu,  
may some more worthy Bride be blest with you,  
I thought I might have been the happy she;  
Decreed it is, the Bliss too great for me;

Farewel. —

*Jeth.* my Lord, forbear, you must each other leave.

*Elon.* In vain you strive, for ever here I'll live.

(*Jethro makes signs to the Guards to force them asunder*)

*Mir.* my still dear Love. Oh bear this parting blow.  
— calls thy *Miriam* now; and I must go.

Farewel — a long farewel.

*Elon.* Am I by force and numbers overborn?

I'm torn from Life when I from her am torn:

In vain by all your feeble Powers withstood;

I'll follow her in Death, and mourn for her in Blood

(*Exeunt.*)

*Enter Nurse.*

O my poor Lady must die; and the News will break  
poor *Zekel's* Heart; for he's of that tender Nature,  
he can't see a Chicken die; then how will this sad  
News afflict his Heart? Oh my poor Boy! my poor  
(Boy! (*cries*))

*Enter Zekel,*

(*who cries*)

*Nur* Go my poor Child, what's the matter;

*Zek.* I can't tell, what's the matter with you?

*Nurse.* What dost cry for Child?

*Zek.* Why I cry, because you cry Mother. What's  
the matter?

*Nurse.* Oh Child, Lord *Jeptha* before he went to  
the Wars made a rash Vow, that if he return'd with  
Conquest, he wou'd Sacrifice the first thing that met  
him, and that happen'd to be his own dear Daughter,  
sweet Lamb.

*Zek.*

*Zek.* Oh cruel Father, Kill his own Daughter to  
save a Vow. (Exeunt.

SCENE changes to a Temple.

Enter Jephtha

weep *Jephtha*, weep, for oh the time draws near,  
The Priests for *Miriam's* Sacrifice prepare;  
She for her Peace, and the whole Land for War.

Enter *Elon*.

The Priest prepar'd, and the more cruel *Jephtha*  
Resolv'd to give his beauteous Daughter Death  
*H's miriam!* no my *miriam*, can you break your sac-  
ced Faith with man, only to keep a bloody Vow t  
H — n? all pious Frenzy; think you,  
That H — — n in human Sacrifice Delights;  
No, M — — n's all mercy; and abhors such Rite

*Jep.* Oh pity'd *Elon*; well may'st thou complain  
But oh, thy helpless Complaints are all in vain;  
my vow too strong, all Arguments too weak;  
Like thee I mourn, but yet, must never break.

*Elon.* Think not to fly me; no, I'll still pursue th  
Nay, if 'tis possible, hang even a load  
more ponderous on thee than a Daughter's Blood

Exeunt.

Enter the Procession, *Jethro* at the Head. with  
Sword drawn.

The S O N G.

Great *Jephtha* to these sacred Walls,  
When this Days solemn Duty calls;  
This Off'ring to our Altars led;  
Thy Vow's too dearly, dearly paid.  
And, if High H — — n, thou hast decreed  
This Virgin Sacrifice shall bleed;  
Look down ye whole bright Host above,  
And see our sad Procession move;  
Whilst, at a Blow, so deeply felt,  
All Hearts shall move, all Eyes shall melt.

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( 18 )  
C H O R U S.

*At a Blow so deeply felt,  
All Hearts shall move, all Eyes shall melt.  
Feth. Now strike the Victim.*

*Enter Elon, and snatches her from the Altar.*

*Elon. Hold, hold your impious Hands;  
Now thou art safe; Oh come to thy Deliverer's  
Arms.*

*Mir. Away ———*

*Oh, you in vain my glorious Death delay;  
Retire, or with this Instrument of Fate,  
My self will end, on th' Altar, the Debate;  
My Country's safety for th's Off'ring calls;  
And she shall rise, who for her Country falls.  
Retire, and, if you Love me, shew it now:  
Upbraid not my dear Father, with his Vow;  
May'st thou from Grief's Attendance still be free,  
Unless, perhaps, some pitying Sighs for me.*

*Elon. must we part thus? then first I'll die.*

*(offers to stab himself, put is prevented.)*

*Disarm'd, in vain, a second means I'll try;  
The very thoughts of her, shall grant what you deny.*

*(Exit Elon.)*

*Mir. H — n calm his mind; and now farewell to all.  
Now strike, just H — n receive me when I fall.*

*She is first stabb'd, and then is surrounded,  
and swallowed by the Flames on the Altar.*

*Jephtha enters; at whose approach, the Figures in the  
Temple are all chang'd to black; and in the H — ns  
Cloud is drawn, and discovers a beautiful transpa-  
rent Scene, sprinkled with Cherubims; and at the ex-  
tremity of the Scene, a Celestial Hand held forth, with  
a coronet of Stars.*

*Jeph. See the H — ns array'd in Glory; and a  
Crown held forth to their new Saint Miriam's  
Figure?*

Shining

shining Brow: Priests; Ye see the double Rights  
paid to this Virgin Sacrific'd;

H — n to receive her, all in Smiles appears;  
And Earth to loose her, mourns in Shades and Tears.  
To this last Part I'm call'd from this sad Day;  
What Floods of Grief must mourning *Jephtha* pay?

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Captain and Diddimo.*

*Capt.* Ah, *Diddimo*, these are sad Times. *Diddimo*

*Did.* Ay, so they are indeed, my Lord; *Jephtha*  
half mad, Lord *Elon* stark mad; and neither you  
nor I very wise, master.

*Capt.* Very true indeed, *Diddimo*; see where he  
comes.

*Enter Elon distracted.*

*Elon.* Where, where's my Dear? my Love, my  
*Miriam*, Ha, what art thou?

*Capt.* I can't tell.

*Elon.* Oh tell me quickly where's that wondrous

*Capt.* What wondrous my Lord?

*Elon.* The rarest that e'er breath'd.

*Capt.* Why, that's a silent woman, my Lord.

*Elon.* A beauteous maid, my lovely *Miriam*, canst  
thou tell me?

*Capt.* Tell, my Lord — Yes, my Lord — I can't  
tell my Lord —

*Elon.* what! speak quick!

*Capt.* why, I can tell you, my Lord, that I know  
nothing at all of her, my Lord.

*Elon.* Now, I Rascal, do'tt play with my Rage

*Capt.* No, no, my good Lord, not I, come *Diddi-*  
*mo* will you go?

*Elon.* Go whether? to Court, no, there's pro-  
mising, but no performance; fawning, but no Love  
no let me go to some Land where I can deceive  
ing.

*Capt.* You must go where there is no men then.

*Did.* No, where there's rather women.

*Elon.* women! Ay, they are all deceivers; my sweet *miriam*, that lovely innocence, that divine fair One; she was a Couz'ner too; left her poor *Elon*, and ran to the Arms of Death.

*Did.* Nay, indeed my Lord, she play'd you but a slippery Trick.

*Elon.* She play'd me, no; cruel *Jeptha* her inhuman Father, 'twas he that play'd me false; tore the sweet Creature from his near *Elon's* Bosom; but look, see yonder!

*Capt.* See what, yonder.

*Elon.* That bright Cloud — Ay, there she moves, See how her fiery Chariot whirrs along; see how she mounts; O stay my posting Angel, and take me with you; nay, you shan't leave, no, thus I take wing and follow you. *(Stabs himself.)*

'Tis done, 'tis done; now a'l my pains shall cease;  
This last kind stroke of mercy, seals my Peace.

*Enter Jeptha.*

*Jep.* Too cruel *Elon*!

*Elon.* No, more cruel *Jeptha*; that glorious Hero, who to crown his Victories stabb'd his own veins; but here ends thy cruelty.

O beauteous martyr, now look down and see

Thy *Elon* thus set out for H — and thee. *(dies.)*

*Jep.* O what a dismal Scene of Death is here,

O *Elon*! O *miriam*! both so dear.

were it possible to recall this bloody Day,

For two such Lives; what Ransom would I pay

*(Elon carried off.)*

*Enter Captain, Zekel and Diddimo.*

*Capt.* Ha! *Zekel*, here's been bloody work.

*Zekel*



*Zek.* Ay, bloody indeed ; but if Fathers know no better than to make such bloody vows, and great Folks run out of their little wits, and kill themselves thou and I have more Brains.

*Capt.* Ay. so we have, and to shew we have all our Senses about us, prithee let's have one of thy Songs, to lighten our Sorrows.

*Zek.* A Song, no I have one of the rarest dances

*Did.* O pray let's have it then.

*Capt.* well Brother, after this merry dance, what shall we do next ?

*Zek.* why truly when our laughing is all over, let's e'en sit down and cry together.

*Capt.* Ay, Brother, and good re son too, mourn the sweet *miniam's* too sad Fate ; too cruelly by a rash Fathers Vow to death betray'd.

*Did.* Nay, and what's more still, to die a Maid.

**FINIS.**



# The FALL of PHAETON.

## Scene a Doctor's Study.

**E**NTER *Punch* leading *Colombine*, and shews her Curiosities hanging about the Ceiling; they Dance and Exit.

## Scene changes to a Wood.

Enter *Epaphus* and *Lybia*, *Epaphus* makes Love to *Lybia*. *Phaeton* enters who Quarrels with *Epaphus*, and resolves to go to the Temple of the Sun, to know if *Apollo* is his Father.

## Scene a Doctor's Study.

*Punch* and *Colo.* as if in discourse, *Pierrot* tells 'em two Porters has brought a Chest he orders 'em to bring it in, *Punch* and *Pierrot* exit. *Colo.* open the Chest, *Harlequin* and *Scaraemuch* jumps out, and Court *Colo.* they quarrel; but are interrupted by a noise without they seem surpris'd, and go to hide themselves, *Har.* gets into the Chest, and *Scar.* under a Hoop-petticoat. *Punch* enters in a Passion, thinks he has catch'd 'em, goes and takes the hoop from *Colo.* looks under but finds nothing, then he goes to open the Chest and sees *Har.* takes him by the Nose and leads him to the front of the Stage, *Har.* throws *Punch* down and runs off, they exeunt.

## Scene a Wood.

Enter *Phaeton* and *Clymene*, she owns him and advises him to go to the Temple of the Sun

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## PHACON

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